To N. G. Murphy, Esq. & Family.

From the Author,

With his regards.

Mr

THE WAVELET:

A RIPPLE

ON THE POETICAL STREAM.

BEING SELECTIONS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

A. F. M.

PRINTED

for Presentation.

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H3

TO THE READER.

THE following pieces were written mostly at intervals snatched from business hours, ranging over a period of about a quarter of a century, and are selections from my poetical compositions, some of which were published in the newspapers of the day, while others were never intended for any purpose but that of giving expression to some thought or fancy that possessed me at the moment.

My occupation was always very solitary, but communion with books and a preference for the sunny side of subjects gave me a reasonable share of enjoyment, which vented itself through the pen, on a considerable variety of topics, many of which were entirely local, or at any rate, transitory. Those were generally in prose. Some of my prose pieces are, however, of a more permanent class, and have much value in my eyes, but they are not included in this collection.

It will be observed that the dates of many of the pieces are appended.

I have availed myself of the leisure that has fallen to my lot, to combine these productions of my muse, and to have a few copies printed; thinking that they may, in some degree, interest my children, relatives, and friends, to whom I now dedicate and present them, with my best wishes.

A. F. M.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 1867.

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THE WAVELET.

THE TWO TOWERS.—The action of our poem commences when the world had become greatly re-peopled after the Deluge. The time being anterior to the writing of the prophetic books, the people were necessarily dependent upon tradition for their historic lore, as well as for their ideas of religious duty, and every thing that is cumulative in its nature.

They are here represented as possessing high intellectual powers, closely commingled with those puerile and erroneous notions that are observable even in the most advanced era of Grecian refinement, and which would appear to be unavoidable in the absence of the Printing art. Clear intellects loom up among them, that see far into science, art, and morals, and they sway the masses, for a season, in the right direction; but no positive and permanent advance can be achieved where no imperishable record is attainable. The poem opens with the assumption of this condition of the human race, and it is necessary to be borne in mind by the reader, in order to give probability to it.

With regard to the confusion of tongues, it is not at all necessary to suppose that every individual was supplied with a new language — the ruin is completed by severing households, leaving one or two individuals in possession of their original language, while the remainder are driven away for want of that common bond of union.

The Two Towers.

PART I.

IN days of old, when this resplendent earth
Came forth with vigor from her second birth,
A common language gave a single heart
To lofty Science and to gentle Art.
United thus in every thought and plan,
Earth's denizens their happy race began;
But soon they felt within a potent force,
Yet failed to see its object or its source.
Their new-fledged powers were still but giant toys,
Requiring age and reason's curb for poise;
Alas! those real wants unnoted lay,
Which sent all souls of earth again astray;
And so those Titans, more self-willed than wise,
Would rear a mighty TOWER, and scale the skies!
United toil soon bared earth's hidden mines,
Shaped each rude mass to aid their mad designs,
Then square on square was piled, each polished block
Firm fixed upon its strong foundation rock,

And as the shaft rose high, the countless crowd
Responsive labored, danced, and sung aloud.
But, hark! a jargon lights on every thing,
And hideous dissonance on those that sing.
Amazed, men stand, while eye meets flashing eye;
One frenzied glance, then all in terror fly.
  Confusion's tongue now howls along the wind,
And hate is sown among poor human-kind;
No more like nestlings of one happy brood,
Whose every call and chirp is understood,
But scowlingly they screech their jargon strange,
And skulk, and fly, and o'er the desert range.
  O, mournful was the fear and gloom that preyed
Upon yon hapless wife, yon hopeless maid,
When worse than dumbness seized the maddened men
Whose souls with theirs had twined, but ne'er again
Should breathe of home or love the happy song;
Those hearts estranged whose love was once so strong.
  Turn we from objects sad and drear as these,
To view that gathering group beneath those trees:
The stragglers speak, and own one common band;
Each voice is music; each they understand.
Within the shade they range awhile around,
Then fling themselves in grief upon the ground;

And now, more humble grown, they contemplate
The past — the present — and their future fate.
Not all more humble — Lorrabo, the young,
With grace of person, but with venomed tongue,
Sprung to his feet, and with indecent pride
All unseen powers of heaven and earth defied.
  When Lorrabo with many words was done,
The day had waned to near the set of sun;
A solemn silence then came o'er the crowd,
And each bare head with busy thoughts was bowed.
  Then rose Mozad, a silver-bearded sage,
(Whose mildness suited well to sober age,)
And stood erect, but, 'fitting such a place,
A shade of saddened thought suffused his face;
His eye was calm, and shone with steady light,
Like stars that vivify the brow of night.—
Thus spake the sage: "Yon sun's departing beam
To Ignorance the end of time might seem,
But we well know that laws bind fast his ways,
And doubt not for the morrow's coming rays.
The world came not by chance, nor we who here
Are gathered, full of pride or trembling fear.
Tradition tells that earth's extended plane
Was formed a world of bliss unknown to pain,

And so endured till man's contempt for man
Marred all the lovely features of the plan.
"An Unseen Power made all these earthly things:
All plants, and trees, and men, and mighty kings;
That Power the angels worship in the skies —
A solemn truth, though Lorrabo denies."
Young Lorrabo again was on his feet,
And would his madly wicked speech repeat,
While some wild spirits cheered and urged him on,
But with the rest he nought of favor won.
They closed his mouth, and all besought the sage
To freely speak the words of truth and age.
Resuming then, he spake: "Man, impious grown,
Was by that Unseen Power at last o'erthrown.
The earth thus once again was purified,
That he, now chastened, might in love abide,
With every gift adorned of mind and hand,
To grasp all science and all art command.
Ah, me! ungrateful yet for what was given,
We boldly bared our arms to scale high heaven.
Quick vengeance fell upon that act so dread,
And we, accursed, o'er all the world are fled."
His voice is hushed; I see his bosom heave;
A wail of anguish fills the startled eve —

The prostrate crowd in broken words confess
Their baseness great, their deep and sore distress.
  The moon shone down from out the quiet sky,
But troubled earth sent back its wail and sigh.
Mozad yet stood, but now his eyes were raised
As though in deepest depths of heaven he gazed.
He felt no more the pangs that wrung his soul,
But saw the end of all in heaven's bright scroll,
Then slowly dropped to earth his beaming eyes,
And words prophetic spake: "O, man! arise,
This world is not for thee an endless home,
But other worlds more fair are thine to roam.
In ages far along time's verge I see
A Father's face, a beckoning Deity.
The time will come again when all shall hear
One language — one that every heart will cheer;
Each scattered household then shall meet again.
And joy will fill the hearts that now have pain;
Then humble man shall reach at last the prize
Which arrogance has lost — the blessed skies."
  The words of hope that fell from sage Mozad
Were balm to those that heard, and made them glad.
A voiceless night then hovered o'er the scene.
And wearied souls were stilled and slept serene;

They soundly slept, till morn's resplendent sun
His daily circling course of light begun,
Then, well refreshed, they scanned their course anew,
The wrong they vowed to shun, the right pursue.
Now modestly they threw aside all state —
The gauds of wealth, the splendors of the great —
And turned to nature's boundless fields of wealth,
Where toil yields store of rich content and health.

In pastures, flecked with kine and harmless sheep,
Devoted men now nightly vigils keep;
They tend their herds and flocks with needful care.
And thus in labor's well-earned wealth they share.
But competence, not mines of gold, they ask,
Nor seek again in splendor's halls to bask;
The starry firmament that nightly shines,
To eyes like theirs has far more precious mines —
High converse here they hold of nature's laws,
And ponder well from thence the Mighty Cause.

Now grows abundant corn, where fields are tilled,
And garners wide and deep are amply filled;
And now the vines their mazy arbors weave,
Whose purple treasures fainting hearts relieve.

See yon sweet vale, where sweeps the rapid stream.
And view its walk of trees, where age may dream;

Fantastic vines embrace the stately stems,
And drape their branches wide with clustering gems.
Fit nook for pious age or love's retreat,
Where nature's grace and plenty kindly meet!
Here dwells Mozad, with all that pity left,
When vengeance dire his household rudely cleft;
When sons of hope and daughters fair were torn
From home's sweet rest, and o'er the wide world borne.
  One daughter yet to him with reverence clings,
And to his ravaged bosom solace brings —
The dark-eyed Cloda — she gives to her sire
All that remains from love's consuming fire;
For Cloda loves a youth of noble heart,
Whose treasured vows were given to never part;
But fate has cast him wandering o'er the land,
Despoiled of language, home, and Cloda's hand.
  At eve she frequent strays along the stream,
Where bright but weary moonbeams sleeping seem.
An emblem of her love, those moonbeams rest
On water's unsubstantial gelid breast.
At times her thoughts go forth — she prays for all.
(Who slunk and fled beneath the hideous pall
Of that tumultuous prate, when Babel fell;)
That what seems hopeless now may yet be well.

Again, for those she prays who speak her tongue,
For Lorrabo, the rash, and those who clung
To all his desperate schemes and thoughts depraved,
And fearful impious acts;—by sin enslaved.
Misguided men! by graceless captain led,
They sought new homes, and to the mountains fled.
  The tangled forest on yon mountain's side,
Beyond the stream where Cloda careless hied,
Is now the lurking place of Lorrabo,
Who prowls to snatch that loveliest flower below.
She, unsuspecting, on the bank reclines,
And sings of hopes and fears, and Heaven's designs:
And he the while has launched his stealthy bark
Far up the stream, where all is still and dark;
And now he plies the light and eager oar,
And shoots athwart the rapid stream, where lower
He sees sweet Cloda, yet by her unseen,
Reclining softly 'neath an arbor green.
She hears his oar, its every measured beat,
And trustful, times her song to it, most sweet:

SONG.

Bright Angels! far above the sky,
  To every human eye unseen,
I breathe to ye each hope and sigh,
  And on your pitying souls I lean.

*

The howling winds which close around
  The noble heart that haunts my mind,
Will haply never breathe a sound
  To tell where I my love may find.

O, let me hope to see his face,
  To hear again his words of love,
Then thank you ministers of grace,
  Who dwell and shine in light above.

His fetter round my trusting heart,
  Was once a precious golden chain,
But now, each link 's an iron dart,
  That thrills my soul with cruel pain.

And, oh! how must he feel my woes
  Who drags the weary end along,
While every link, as forth it goes,
  Sinks in my heart a fiery prong.

Yet should it be high Heaven's design
  To part our plighted earthly tie,
May angels on our pathways shine,
  And lead us up to yon bright sky.

Hush, Cloda, quit thy song, and haste away
With fearful wingéd feet — thou 'rt lost — the prey

Of wickedness. But see! the bark floats past —
The oar has slipped the spoiler's hand, and fast
It floats beyond his desperate reach. Ah, now
I know thou 'rt safe, for swiftly darts his prow
Far down the stream. Dear Cloda, now retire,
Unharmed and confident, go greet thy sire —
Whilst I, who know the river's tortuous course,
Will cross the land, to where the water's force
In foaming whirls is fiercely dashed and spent
Against the barring rocks, that, all unshent,
Give sunny harbor to innumerous snakes,
Who bask secure where hideous echo wakes
The trembling hills. Perchance I yet may save
The wretched mortal from th' avenging wave.
Too late — too late — the bark drives madly on;
She strikes; she sinks. Ah, Lorrabo is gone.

PART II.

HAIL, glorious Pen! great fixer thou of thought,
To thee I bow, by thee I still am taught!
Primeval ages sought thy mighty aid,
And at thy footstool treasures freely laid.
Their law, philosophy, religion, each
Was but a breath till thou didst deign to teach.

Fame basely crouched, till at thy high behest
The poet, hero, sage, were crowned and blessed;
And lands that ne'er beheld thy beams of light
Are wrapped in Stygian gloom or deepest night.
To thee — to thee is homage ever due,
From all who school the mind or truth pursue.

Leave we the sylvan shades and fields of bloom,
Whose sunshine fell on hearts where erst was gloom —
The scenes where Fancy, on her gilded wing,
May roam uncaged, and blithely chirp and sing.

When Babel spoke the fearful doom of man,
Dispersing happy households by his ban,
They fled in straggling crowds, at random borne
Far o'er the wastes of earth, till, sick and worn,
They sunk upon each unknown hill and plain,
And brooded on their ills — a thickening train.
The soother Time at last their woes allayed,
And partially their rashest counsels swayed;
And reason's voice, and conscience too, were heard,
But faint their sound, and few to them deferred.

Some order out of this confusion grew,
And clans were formed where each the language knew;
Then chose each clan a single chief or king,
Whose faintest word should quick obedience bring.

Communities thus formed lived on and swelled,
Till Time, in lapse of years, great tribes beheld.—
Where sage Mozad once dwelt we turn again,
To find still there a virtuous race of men;
And then to other climes we rapid stray,
Where these blest people's offshoots led the way:
Where Nilus pours his stream of liquid wealth;
Where justice reigns; peace, industry and health.
The swarming crowds on Egypt's fruitful shore,
Superfluous harvests reap. Unmeasured store
Of corn is theirs, and every luscious fruit,
Each numerous finny tribe, and bird and brute;
And here the arts mechanic thrive, that fill
The land with works of wondrous grace and skill.
The heads that plan and hands that these create
Can only live where justice rules the state.
The grave and reverend men that now we see,
Of all celestial science hold the key;
Their studious nights and days are ever given
To trace the laws that rule the starry heaven.
They tracked gruff Sothis from his fiery lair,
And noted every step that led him there,
Though twice seven hundred annual suns and more
Arose and set ere yet his race was o'er.

The pictured walls, the pyramidic domes,
The giant shafts, the temples, and the homes,
All these give note of virtue and of peace,
Of labors well applied, without caprice;
But, crowning all, here see the mighty Pen,
That writes on adamant the works of men;
That rears his ladder high for future time,
Where man may, step by step, forever climb.
  From these abodes of peace and solid worth,
Unwilling footsteps drag us o'er the earth.
The skulking place of Lorrabo and crew
Was where the wood in savage grandeur grew,
And hedged the deepening stream with thickest gloom
Around the gulf wherein he met his doom.
A requiem wild the leaping waters sung,
When in his ears the plashy death-knell rung.
Alas! 't was all — no mourning friends drew near
To wail a chieftain lost, or shed a tear.
  Vice leads to vice, and he who takes the lead
But points the way, the novices proceed,
Nor heed his guidance long, but nimbly vault
High o'er the bars where he would wish to halt.
  The chieftain dead, some baser ones arose,
Who led those brigands, virtue's direst foes;

They scattered far o'er wild and tangled brake,
Disputing title with the beast and snake.
  Long ages multiplied the vicious hordes,
Who grew, in spite of arrows, spears and swords;
And now we see these lands, where Rapine rules,
Begirt with flaming torch and murderous tools;
Where Vice and Ignorance, twin monsters, hoar,
With blear-eyed, mad Debauch, lie prone and gloar.—
  Anon, barbaric realms arise to view,
Where gorgeous toys, of rarest shape and hue,
Amuse the pampered eye and listless mind,
To every noble aspiration blind.
Here tyrants sit enthroned on prostrate necks,
And pyramids of skulls their rage ne'er checks.
  In all these lands does none do right? one does;
The great, the pious Job — the man of Uz!
Though clouds of Idol incense round him rise,
He calmly sits and points us to the skies.
His wisdom, eloquence, and truth, all shine
Like priceless jewels in the gloomy mine. —
  On eager wings are borne our longing eyes
To that blest realm, where, hallowed by the skies,
The mountains, vales, and streams, may fairly claim
An immortality of earthly fame.

Judea's holy towers strike on the view
Like flame on eyes that gloomy paths pursue.
The pilgrim here can find a rest, the goal
For all the weary strivings of his soul;
For in the gorgeous temple's holiest place
The heavenly Spirit dwells, and grants his grace:
A king, too, rules, with wisdom from on high,
Whose fame is o'er the earth, both far and nigh.
With blessings such as these 't is strange, though true
The fickle herd yet something more pursue —
Unawed by Him whose shadow fills their dome,
Their lustful thoughts towards other gods still roam.
That they should so perversely grope and crawl,
Till led by self-will to a hideous fall,
Whilst light is theirs, and theirs a Perfect Guide,
Is food for pity — but for rage beside. —
With saddened soul our wings again we span,
Where every thing delights but fickle man,
And soar to proud Athena's fanes sublime,
Where Art, triumphant, can no higher climb.
Bright eyes, that speak electric thought, are here,
And active hands, and hearts that know no fear.
And freemen, yet they stock their soil with slaves
And waste the public gold like very knaves;—

But nicest Taste presides on every hand,
And rears true gems of art o'er all the land,
Till Nature's self, outdone, with shame retires,
And bashfully her children's work admires.
Here Mind mounts up and scatters wide his stores,
While to the very gates of heaven he soars;
Yet Superstition bounds his highest flight,
And drags him back to Idols and to Night. —
Again we rove, and now the heavy tramp
Of bucklered legions, sallying forth from camp,
To overrun some wretched people's home,
Speaks trumpet-tongued, "here stands victorious Rome."
The lust for Conquest fills the Roman heart
As Grecian's ardent soul is filled with Art;
Yet Romans ape Athenian grace and skill,
But bungling is their art, except to kill.
Much dignity is shown by men in power,
But pity, none, for those whom they devour.
Of course the gods of stone here fill the fanes,
And through their priesthood share the ill-got gains;
For man is basely bound, in every land,
And awed, by what he does not understand.
Enslaving Rome unconsciously thus throws
Herself into the bondman's scale of woes.

When she shall all the earth enslave, what then?
'T will be a world of slaves, instead of Men.
Go on, proud conqueror; on with conquering arms —
The day may come when these may bring alarms;
When gate, and tower, and empire's self shall fall,
By tribe obscure — by Vandal or by Gaul.

PART III.

WHEN sages left their homes in eastern lands,
And toiled o'er kingdoms, seas, and arid sands,
To bring rich gifts to Him, whose natal star
Illumed their pilgrim pathway from afar.
The earth again was born, to nobler aims
Than worshiping of stones — than war and flames;
Now was it born to Truth and lovely Peace,
And wars and pagan rites were all to cease.
This news the world was not prepared to hear,
So busy was it with the sword and spear;
For human life was scarce at all esteemed,
And at each petty tyrant's nod blood streamed.
The beams that broke o'er Judah's captive towers,
When He of Bethle'm chid all earthly powers,
Soon sped their way to Tiber's crowded banks,
And made some votaries there in all her ranks.

The light flew fast, the truth was borne aloft,
And wrath awhile was stayed by answer soft;
But pride at last was touched, and rage broke loose.
For truth with pagan lies can make no truce —
Then came a time that filled all hearts with awe.
When hecatombs were slain for Moloch's maw.
With intermitting force the carnage raged,
And little calms still other storms presaged.
Disorder spread at last o'er all the state,
And seemed to court the worst assaults of fate;
Till Anarchy seized firm the fickle rein,
And wildest Discord whirled along in train.
Then hordes barbaric rushed from northern climes,
And swept the earth, polluted by its crimes.
Unlearned were they in all refining arts,
And reached men's bosoms only with their darts;
And rank or wealth of gold no trouble gave,
But high and low they made alike their slave.
Revolving years of woe then slowly rolled,
And each its tale of lengthened sorrow told,
While dark chaotic heavings vexed the world —
Now slow it upward rose, then downward whirled;
Still moved, and great and mean got blindly mixed,
Till all appeared by fate forever fixed;

Then age on age in languid darkness lay,
A thousand years without one cheering ray.
  With shuddering soul we view this dismal scene,
This dark profound of ignorance serene;
When Inspiration served as but a prop
For tyrant rule, and vice, a hideous crop.
Yet still 't was true, the world was born again.
But nonage long held back the proper men;
To us 't is long, but to the Heavenly Power
A thousand lingering years are but an hour. —
  Great storms may rise and root the forest oak,
And thunders rend the hills with giant stroke,
And wounded Nature, draped in sable cloud,
May prostrate lie, as though in mortal shroud;
Anon may zephyrs float around in space,
And fan the raven curls that hide her face;
Next, light, in golden peeps, illume her form.
Then glorious sunshine banish all the storm. —
As in the world of nature, so of man:
Degrees or steps of action fill each plan;
And Heaven's great law, that man shall walk in light,
Is still unchanged, although he grope in night.
  Capricious beams at last begin to dart,
Which prove that life is creeping at the heart.

And fitful throes of Mind break forth and play
Around the waking earth, as day by day
A flash lights up some hoary wrong of time;
Some consecrated lie; some varnished crime.
The light, in quickened beams, is thrown about,
And Earth, expectant, holds her breath, in doubt;
Then, all around are thickening meteors hurled,
And, lo! the Printing Press illumes the world.
This boon of love, to raise poor humankind,
Rains blessed manna for the famished mind,
Where each may garner, to his heart's content,
The stores of food that kindly Heaven has sent.
Now Thought, no more confined to cloistered wall,
Its free-voiced echo rings in every hall;
And Soul, unshackled, snaps the galling chains
That bind to juggling frauds and lying fanes.—
  Once more we fly, and view the realms of earth,
To note what changes weary Time 's brought forth
Great Egypt, earth's remotest kingdom, sits,
Tuneless, like her own Memnon, and in bits;
Her fanes, colossal, sunk or sinking, seem
Like drunken giants, struggling in a dream;
And pyramids and tombs, renowned of old,
Now few of all their mummied bodies hold.

The fond desire that stirred each filial heart,
To keep his kin, through the embalmer's art,
Till time's last cycle should be run — this trust
Was, like all hopes of earth, but crumbling dust.
  The virtuous course of Egypt's earlier years,
Compared with later ones, excites our tears:
Her upright men were soon beguiled, and swerved
From Heaven's true faith, which all at first observed;
Then, left alone, the darkening cloud increased,
Till every power was centred in the Priest —
A sad result, for priests still find new gods
Where'er the worshipers are stupid clods.
Down, down they fell, through each degree of shame,
From purity to depths beneath a name.
At last, as vengeance ever strikes aright,
The spoiler came, and swept them out of sight. —
  And thou, Judea, what is now thy boast?
Thou'rt but a lean and very haggard ghost.
Where's now the temple, glittering o'er with gold,
That of thy wealth its ceaseless story told;
Within whose walls the Spirit from on high
In mystic majesty was ever nigh?
Thy kings and seers, with wisdom's chaplet crowned,
Where are they now, and where shall such be found?

Ha! go thy way; thy stubborn neck rebelled
Against a yoke for ease unparalleled;
But now thy haughty head, it trails the ground,
And all thy scarréd limbs are basely bound.
Stay — who now rules where Solomon once reigned?
(The king that wisdom's highest plaudits gained,)
A heathen satrap; yes, a proper clog
To hold just such as thou — and call thee dog.
I leave thee to the thoughts of what thou wert,
And fly to sunny isles by seas begirt.
  Ah! here — how is 't with thee, fair Grecia, say,
Have Taste and Art still undisputed sway?
Methinks thine eye is not so bright as erst,
When the Pierian spring yet quenched thy thirst;
Nor yet thy step so buoyant — why is 't so?
And what can mean this sigh of care and woe?
Aye, true — the fires of Art no longer burn,
And Eloquence is dead, and in her urn;
No more on land do heroes strike for thee,
Nor flash their liquid fire along the sea;
Thy sons, degenerate, hug their clanking chains,
Content to live and count their merchant gains.
The cause is plain, thy gods were heartless stone;
They had thy worship — and are overthrown.

Thy fanes are ravaged, broken, and destroyed,
Thy teeming land a desert and a void.
As thou hast fared so all shall, soon or late;
The Idol bears along the doom of Fate!
  Now back to Rome, the conqueror, once again.
Her empire 's shrunken, though obese her men;
And energy that once o'errun all lands,
Is faintly echoed or by head or hands.
Those eagle-eyed and dauntless sons of Mars,
Whose seat was oft in proud triumphal cars,
Are gone — their legions, helmed, are gone as well;
But legions, hooded, glide from cell to cell,
Whose eyes cast down, and persons fat and sleek,
Bespeak them men of peace — and oh, how meek.
But see, before an Idol god, men fall;
No, that 's Apostle Peter, prince of all.
'T is still the same — that statue, Jupiter, was thine,
In Rome of old — a work of Greek design.
The surging crowd advance; now bend they low;
Now prostrate fall; and now — they kiss his toe!
Oh, faugh! and has it come to this at last?
Is this the only lesson of the Past?
Well, then, proud Rome, prepare to meet the day
When all thy shrines must sink and pass away

And now the mists are blown away from Mind,
And Arts and Sciences, as Heaven designed,
Are working wonders on the land and sea,
Where'er the printing press and man are free;
Yes, brain and hand are busy at their task,
Supplying all that craving man can ask.
Necessity, convenience, luxury,
Are filled from quick Invention's fruitful tree;
While Intellect, resistless, gaily rides
On the world's smooth or undulating tides,
And Eloquence and Music join the train
With endless praise of man, in jocund strain.

These themes elate, but now a nobler aim
Should of our truant thoughts the homage claim;
Should loose our spirits from the clogs of earth,
The sordid ends that bound us from our birth,
And guide us straight to Duty, clear and bright,
Through every labyrinthine maze of night.
Yes, be our care on ardent wing to rise,
Determined to be Good as well as wise;
And, O! my Country, be once more a guide,
Be found again, as erst, on Virtue's side.
A mighty wrong goes yet quite unredressed—
Thy sable sons of toil are sore oppressed;

And so in other climes the lowly crowd
Are trampled, and in wretchedness are bowed.
But, hark! the sigh of grief—the captive's groan—
The blast of war, that shakes the tyrant throne:
They're Heaven's loud bugle notes, to speed the hour
For better men to rear another TOWER;
A Tower with deep foundations, broad and sure,
That, like the mountains, must for aye endure.
There shall the countless throngs, once scattered wide.
Unite with joy, and labor side by side.—
There, lo! a smiling landscape, dotted o'er
With endless working troops, who mourn no more,
But, as they ply their art, those eager bands
Build on and up, with willing, tireless hands,
A Tower of Truth and Love, whose shaft shall rise
Till angels stoop and snatch them to the skies.

1859.

Letter from a Young Wife to her Friend.

OUR home 's deserted now;
Our cottage, lawn, and grove, are hushed and bare;—
And here I make my bow,
(Or, *feminine*, curtsy; which, I do not care,)
From this sweet spot, Linwood,
The place where all the Muses get their food.

The rills wherein their thirst
Is slaked, and where they bathe their shining limbs,
I should have told you first,
Are here. Their praises are, in many hymns,
By all good people sung:
By high and low alike, by old and young.

Now, dear, you 'll say I 'm blessed —
Perhaps you 'll be enthralled by envy's form —
Oh, no: you 're not possessed
By envy, nor aught else but heart most warm
Towards human-kind, I 'm sure;
Of conscience blameless; of affection pure.

My husband, lover, (proved—
His constancy most true,) sits by my side.
The day 's far spent. I 'm moved
My room to quit; with him my willing guide,
To range where zephyrs skip,
And see the glorious orb in ocean dip.

The clouds have stopped their chase;
In wild confusion heaped they rest, beneath
The azure vault of space,
Whilst Sol, all-bounteous, gives to each a wreath
Of finest burnished gold,
With which their brows, full-swelling, to enfold.

The distant hills, half lit
With beams of setting sun, fantastic throw
Their shadows. Pit joins pit,
Whilst twilight slowly mantles all below.
The umbrage creeps up fast,
Till every glowing figure fades at last.

Now hie we to yon brook,
Whose firm and pebbly brink invites our tread;
Start not, shy fish! no hook,
By cruel angler flung, need cause you dread.
On trembling fin he wheels,
Like startled stag with hounds upon his heels.

A shell! so smooth and white —
With frequent dip let 's pledge our distant friends.
And now faint grows the light;
Return we nimbly to our lodge. So ends,
With greetings from the Nine,
Our evening's walk, and so this scrawl of mine.

THE CALDRON OF LOCOFOCOISM.—The Locofocos were the descendants of the Democrats; many years of uninterrupted power having sadly corrupted their morals. The Copperheads of our own day are, in their turn, the descendants of the Locofocos, and present a striking illustration of the degeneration that rapidly takes place, where sound morality is made to succumb to mere expediency.

This poem was written during the administration of the infamous John Tyler, — while we were chafing under the rule of an accidental President, (like we are now,) who, disregarding all the expressed and implied pledges that elevated him to power, like the present one, endeavored to divide the party of the Country, and carry a portion with him into the enemy's camp, but failed, ignominiously.

Buchanan is yet lagging superfluous on the stage, and many still remember that he commenced political life as a Federalist of such intense convictions as to aver that if he had a drop of Democratic blood in his veins he would let it out.

Richard M. Johnson, of Ky., a prominent Senator and Vice President, was in the habit of wearing a flashy red vest, which made him a very conspicuous object. He was the reputed slayer of Tecumseh, during a campaign of Harrison against the Indians. Like most of the southern people, his morals were not of the best, and his children were his slaves.

Joel R. Poinsett, of S. C., was Secretary of War, under Van Buren, and the Seminole war in Florida being rather more than he could manage, he hit upon the brilliant idea of importing blood-hounds from Cuba, to assist in hunting out the red skins from the everglades. As public opinion was too much shocked at the thought of warring in that fashion, he compromised by requiring the hounds to be muzzled!

Senator Benton, of Mo., was famous for his advocacy of a specie currency, and in one of his speeches on the subject he astonished the grave senators by a glowing picture of a long silken purse, filled with golden eagles, *flowing up the Mississippi river!* He was also persistent in his opposition to the interests of the New England cod fishers, in which the salt question was involved.

The Sub-Treasury was the famous scheme devised to supply to the Government the place of the old U. S. Bank. Jackson, in whose eyes it was a "monster," to be destroyed, vetoed the bill for its recharter, and placed the public funds in the vaults of the State banks, as sub-treasuries. On the strength of these deposits the banks discounted with such freedom as led to the wildest speculation, and ended by a general collapse of sub-treasuries and people.

Van Buren, who was familiarly called the "Magician of Kinderhook," pressed a notable project upon Congress for forcing the people to become soldiers. They were to be formed into camps of instruction, and to undergo a month's drill in each year. Of course the unpopularity of the scheme soon smothered it.

Jackson was the "shaggy old lion." During his Presidency the Bey of Tunis sent him a pair of lions. Congress ordered them to be sold, and the proceeds to go into the public treasury.

In his self-sufficiency, Jackson had the hardihood to assert that the different Cabinet officers were simply *his* secretaries.

Mr. Duane, of Pa., was Secretary of the Treasury, but, disregarding the imperious command of the President, to remove the deposits from the U. S. Bank, he was forthwith dismissed, and Roger B. Taney, of Md., substituted, who did his bidding with alacrity; and as thrift usually follows fawning, he was soon after placed at the head of the Judiciary, where he issued the infamous Dred Scott decision, which shook the country from centre to circumference.

John Randolph, of Va., was a man not reducible to any order. Like the cometary bodies, he was continually flying off into space. To get rid of his impracticability, Jackson appointed him Minister to Russia. He went to St. Petersburg; played some fantastic tricks there for two or three days; started off for England, where he remained for some months, and then came home and resigned his office.

Amos Kendall, of Ky., after being warmed into life by Henry Clay, turned upon him, and continued his enemy through life.

Judge Hall, of La., granted a writ of habeas corpus, while our army was operating against the enemy in that region. Jackson of course disregarded the writ, but, in addition, he had the judge seized by a military guard, with orders to remove him beyond the lines. After the defeat of the British, the judge fined the general a thousand dollars.

It will be observed that the character of Jackson is not drawn in rose colors. After the lapse of quarter of a century I see no reason to change my opinion of him. He was a devoted friend to the man that served him without question, but his narrowness of soul left no place for him who dared to differ; and this was just as apparent in affairs of state as in individual affairs.

The "Captain" was Tyler, the President. He had succeeded in retaining in his Cabinet one of those whom the lamented Harrison chose as his advisers. This was Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, who stoutly insisted that he

still continued a true Whig, notwithstanding the defection of the President; and in a speech of the time, reviewing the position of parties, he put the question, "Where shall I go?" The interrogation stuck to him a long time.

The "Guard" consisted of five or six congressmen, including W. W. Irwin, of Pittsburgh, who betrayed their constituents, and adhered to Tyler. Irwin was rewarded with the mission to Denmark.

The Caldron of Locofocoism.

THE Pot of the Locos swings high on the fire,
  And a very queer mess they have in it;
A mess that no mortal can help but admire —
  A hotch-potch of matters infinite.

O, Spirit of mush sticks, I pray you for aid,
  To stir the huge mass in this pot;
That I may reveal out of what it is made.
  Before it becomes all too hot.

Thy aid made secure, I approach with my stick,
  And skim off the froth from the top;
This froth I observe is exceedingly thick,
  'T is Democracy's self — what a sop!

The cooks take good care to be always supplied
With froth, for their men, of this kind;
Its thickness so great serves completely to hide
The stuff that beneath it I find.

Ah, here now, what's this lies so plump and so snug?
Full dainty it looks, and right sleek;
Slide round on your rump, and show us your mug —
I vow! it's Buchanan, so meek.

And this at his side is the blood just let out.
The blood of "Democracy" true,
Which he swore long before should flow without doubt,
Did a drop of it course his veins through.

Good mush stick don't break while we push these aside,
That a view may be had underneath:
Ho, ho; here's the man with his waistcoat red died,
Whom Tecumseh may thank for his death.

Serenely he lies, with his family around,
His wife, dark brunette, at his side,
His pale yellow daughters to his honor redound,
All colors, so lovely, allied.

Now move we these bodies right gently away,
  That what is beneath may appear:
The Florida blood-hounds I see, by my fay,
  Urged on by Poinsett from the rear.

Their snouts tightly muzzled, to make them behave,
  They 're fully secured against biting;
But when they can 't get at the blood that they crave,
  They 're in no great hurry for fighting.

A twirl of my stick sends the hounds out of sight,
  And, good lack, here 's the long silken purse,
That the Father of Waters refused, out of spite,
  To take to his bosom and nurse.

How tightly it sticks, I can 't get it away —
  O, I see now, a hand has got hold;
That the hand is Salt Benton's a wager I 'd lay —
  Yes, true, here 's the man with his gold.

What next greets the sight in this big greasy pot?
  The Sub-Treasury! by all that is true;
Its bars and its bolts are not injured a jot;
  They look fresh and shining as new.

As I drum on the bars, up glides, to my tune,
  A man of right eloquent tongue;
From South Carolina he came — 't is Calhoun —
  The same who was near being hung.

His State rights, and nullification, close by,
  Stirred in with the tariff of '16,
Make a very odd sort of pudding or pie,
  When support of the veto they 're mixt in.

Stick, aid me again, till I open the way,
  Still deeper, and view what is there —
Lo, glittering with spears, and in battle array,
  Are the hosts who for death do not care.

The scheme of Van Buren — the Standing Army —
  Disbanded before it was formed;
But again to be marched out, as you and I 'll see,
  Whenever they 're thoroughly warmed.

And here 's the Magician, beneath their fierce tread
  O'erborne by that which he reared;
Squeezed into a jelly, but yet not quite dead,
  Although he that doom greatly feared.

But here peeps the secret that keeps him in life,
  'T is a shaggy Old Lion beneath,
Who 's carried him forward, all through the great strife,
  Loud roaring and gnashing his teeth.

A thrust with my stick sends him growling, aside,
  And, oh! desolation complete,
The wrecks of the "monster" and pet banks strewn wide,
  And the currency under his feet.

And this is not all that lies low in his path:
  Perished credit and commerce are seen,
And beggars, in hosts, that he made, in his wrath,
  With their wives in dumb anguish, but keen.

Let me gently remove these sad objects from view,
  That others, beyond, I may see;
Mine eyes have grown dim, but I see a great crew,
  Or terrible ménagerie.

Two African lions, and "my secretaries;"
  The head of Duane, on a pole;
And Randolph, exhibiting all his vagaries;
  And Kendall, the man without soul;

The fine by Judge Hall; the deposits removed;
  The humbug called "bargain and sale;"
The noses of officers, who had been proved
  In duty to Jackson to fail;

And masses of arms and of legs are about,
  Of editors, wrung from their sockets,
Who dared in behalf of wronged freedom to shout,
  Instead of appealing to pockets;

And many things more — but a stench now comes up,
  The compound beginning to boil.
I can't bear the smell, so away — but no, stop!
  Here's the sediment, all in a coil.

My nose I must hold while I give this one look —
  The settlings from all that's above;
A snake-like formation of filthiest muck —
  In folds thick and slimy it's wove.

The head is the "Captain's"—betrayer of friends;
  The body is "Where shall I go?"
The tail is the "Guard," that stiffens or bends,
  As the drippings fall fast or fall slow.

But the hissing and seething increases full fast,
  And the vapor rolls thick from the mash;
My mush stick, polluted, in the furnace I cast,
  And flee from the nauseous hash.

1843.

Sonnet. To Homer.

HAIL! hail! great Homer! Unobscured by time,
Thy beams shall penetrate to every clime;
The ages only serve the mists to clear,
When like a blazing sun thou shalt appear.
Of outward vision reft, thy inward sight
Evolved the forms of gods, enwreathed in light,
And revelled in the soft ambrosial bowers
Of Venus, and her golden-harnessed Hours.
Thy wild desire, from earthly dross to flee;
Thy panting prayer for immortality,
To Him, who, throned on azure, robed in flame,
Smiles o'er the world, on men of every name,
Is fully granted. By his gracious nod,
O, THOU! once mortal,—ART A DEMI-GOD!

1841.

Poor William.

THE weary hours are well nigh spent,
  Of cheerless toil and pain;
And hope, long in his bosom pent,
  Begins to throb again;

For William's wistful eye sees home,
  Where yonder sunbeams slant;
And there his kindling fancies roam,
  Far from the city's flaunt.

The pleasant glimpse new spirit lends,
  And lights his toil-worn face.
He labors on, but often bends
  His eye on yon fond place.

The sun now quickly runs his race —
  The shadows lengthen fast —
The golden clouds the west now grace —
  The working day is past.

With hasty steps, though not so light
  As in his youth's fair prime,
Poor William reaches home at night,
  The many thousandth time.

His board, supplied with frugal store,
  Long ready for him stood;
And, clustered round his lowly door,
  He spied his little brood.

They ran to meet his fond embrace,
  And kissed him o'er and o'er,
And fairly stopped his homeward pace
  Before he reached his door.

At last he struggled forth again,
  And with his pleasant load
All dangling at his arms, amain,
  He entered his abode.

He sat him to his table plain,
  His cleanly children, too,
And all as glad to meet again
  As though 't were something new:

For fortune was to him unkind,
  In all things else but this,
And with his children were entwined
  His every thought of bliss.

Their mother heedless wandered round,
  Or sometimes toyed with flowers,
Or silent sat upon the ground,
  Long solitary hours:

Her mind a wreck since Tommy died,
  Her love deep in his grave,
She coldly gazed on all beside;
  But ne'er was known to rave.

Her children learned to pass her by
  As strangers pass each other;
But, oh! they sometimes breathed a sigh
  For their poor crazy mother.

She quiet took her evening meal —
  But happy childhood's glee
Made William brisk and playful feel,
  And all his spirits free.

The supper past, with voice not weak,
  The children called for play;
The moon was up, and "hide and seek"
  Was entered on most gay.

Blithe Jim and Moll first ran to hide,
  Within the ample space;
They needed none to be their guide,
  About that well known place.

Soon snug enough, Jim whispered Moll,
  To know if all was right,
Then gaily gave a smothered call,
  Their seekers to invite.

Out rushed they then, with speed and glee,
  And sought with eager eyes;
In vain they sought — "where can they be?"
  They asked, with true surprise.

At last rang out, with silver sound,
  The voice of pretty Ann,
"They 're here, they 're here — ah, ha, they 're found,"
  And off she swiftly ran.

A great old tree stood by the well,
  Whose moonlight shade was deep;
Ann fled beneath the tree, and fell
  O'er some slight-yielding heap:

She toppled headlong down the well;
  "Oh, save!" she faintly cried;
Her brother, he — ah, sad to tell,
  He came; he fell; he died.

And Moll, with speed as eager, flew,
  But fell not down the steep;
Yet, sweet one, she must also rue
  The touch of that dark heap.

'T was their own mother, crouching there,
  So still, so stark, and cold —
When thus aroused, like bated bear,
  She grappled deadly hold;

She wound her furious arms around,
  And killed, her poor young daughter,
Ere William, frantic with the sound,
  Sprung madly forth and caught her.

"My child — my children," — gasped the man,
"Confusion seize — oh, save —
And you, my wife" — his tongue thus ran,
To pray, and curse, and rave.

Then many months he, writhing, lay,
Before the crisis passed;—
That fearful night, began so gay,
In horror long did last.

Poor William now is daily seen,
Where hastening crowds pass by;
With bloodless heart, yet face serene,
He lives — but, ah! should die.

1849.

LITERARY JOINERY.—In this one instance I have departed from my rule, of admitting no prose pieces into the collection.

> "Some for renown on scraps of learning doat,
> And think they grow immortal as they quote."—*Young.*

The propensity of many writers, especially youthful ones, to quote from the poets, upon all occasions, offered so fair a

mark for ridicule that I could not resist the inclination to make use of it. I have made up my story,

"Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"—*Milton.*

almost entirely by quotations; knitting them together with the most attenuated thread of prose — like much of the bead work that is just now so fashionable for ladies' trimmings; very heavy and elaborate beads, strung upon gossamer!

Literary Joinery.

"Hail, Muse! et cetera."—*Byron.*

ILDEFONSO fled the amusements of the castle, and wandered heedlessly along the banks of the stream, on which

"gently now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side,"—*Wilson.*

where love had been his guide, in happier hours; but now

"In vain the wild-bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure played:
The summer wind, that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly passed the melancholy day;"—*Campbell.*

for he is in an ill mood with the world just now, and although

> "The lark sent down her revelry;
> The black-bird and the speckled thrush
> Good morrow gave from brake and bush;
> In answer cooed the cushat dove
> Her notes of peace, and rest, and love,"—*Scott.*

yet is he not pacified, but rather thrown still deeper into dejection. Cast your eyes along yon bank—

> "Look where he comes—in this embowed alcove
> Stand close concealed, and see a statue move:
> Lips busy, eyes fixed, foot falling slow,
> Arms hanging idly down, hands clasped below."—*Cowper.*

But in spite of all this seeming humility

> "Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great."
> *Pope.*

Thus he moves about,

> "Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
> As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
> That could be moved to smile at any thing."—*Shaks.*

In this unamiable manner he progressed towards a woody copse, and entered its shadowy precincts, repeating to himself that these

> "shades
> Are man's asylum from the tainted throng."—*Young.*

Ildefonso seated himself beneath the branches of an overhanging oak, and ruminated long and sullenly upon

the disappointment which now obscured his high hopes. The fair princess Millesimo had spurned the love which he so long flattered himself was received with favor. Often she smiled upon him and encouraged his hopes. and now, when he at last had avowed his love, she jested with his words. He could not bear contumely; his spirit was as proud as hers, although his station was lower; and he rushed from her presence with unmistakable symptoms of wrath. He would not remain

"Where low-bred baseness wafts perfume to pride."—*Jones.*

His life is now without an object, and here, beneath this tree, he thinks with bitterness upon his lot, and no longer caring to live, determines to end his wretchedness in the waters whereon he had so often gazed when love and Millesimo were his. He must have forgotten the frightful dream of drowning which duke Clarence had, when he thought

"what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom. * *
My dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!"—*Shaks.*

With the courage of despair, Ildefonso began to retrace his steps,

"As if to sweep down all things in his track;"—*Byron.*

but he had not gone far before was heard

"a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark;"—*Milton.*

for some robbers were hidden there; and no sooner was our hero perceived than, with many yells,

"Forth sprang the ambushed ruffians on their prey,"
Montgomery.

regarding him as a rich prize. But not without a stout struggle was he o'ermastered, for although willing to drown, he was not willing to have his throat cut. The robbers finding him too intractable, gave him a desperate stroke with the sword, when

"He fell, and groaning, grasped in agony the ground."
Warton.

In this condition they found no difficulty in rifling his purse of its contents. A very costly ring upon his finger was also expeditiously transferred to the sinister hand of

"A hungry, lean-faced villain!"—*Shaks.*

showing us once more, that

"Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned."—*Armstrong.*

Ildefonso, left sorely wounded and bleeding, his senses now become confused,

"And shadowy forms, with staring eyes, stalk round!
See! moats and bridges, walls and castles, rise,
Ghosts, fairies, demons, dance before his eyes."—*Crabbe.*

He fainted. Whilst lying in

"A pulseless silence, dread, profound,"—*Moore.*

some simple rustics came along, and wondered to see, as they thought, a murdered man on the grass:

"Amazed, the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew."—*Golds.*

But while they remained undecided as to what should be done, Ildefonso's senses returned, and he faintly called upon them for assistance. Pity for the wounded man immediately impelled them to act, and they gently raised him from the ground, and bore him to their hut.

"That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
By a gray mountain stream; just elevate
Above the winter torrents did it stand,
Upon a craggy bank."—*Southey.*

His wounds were now bound up, and every attention that simple benevolence could dictate was freely given. There, from day to day, the artless Hilda ministered to Ildefonso's comfort, and by her pity for his hurts,

and hopefulness for his speedy restoration to strength, soon won upon his stubborn soul; for

"Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves."
Churchill.

He began gradually to institute comparisons between her and the cruel Millesimo, which at last sensibly inclined to the side of Hilda. As his strength improved he would stray about, attended by her, and

"sit, and think
(At ease reclined, in rustic state,)
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great."—*Gray.*

No longer does he meditate to plunge into the stream, where

"Death, and night and chaos, mingle all,"—*Darwin.*

for the heavens look smilingly down, and the earth beneath reflects the smile back again.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days,"—*Johnson.*

has now become his prayer, for he has learned that

"Prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root;"—*Burns.*

and the unsophisticated Hilda has taught him that there are women of mind and heart, whose love, when once secured, is inextinguishable and priceless;

"Which, selfish joy disdaining, seek alone
To bless the dearer object of their flame."—*Thomson.*

Ildefonso and Hilda were united by the silken cords of love, and the rustic priest gave his benediction to the pair. Whilst all is rejoicing and gladness in the humble cot, a knock is heard at the door; Ildefonso opens it, and sees a woman there;

"Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low."—*Crabbe.*

But in spite of her haggard appearance, he instantly recognized the princess Millesimo, and she as quickly knew him, and would have hasted away; for she was fleeing from the wrath of her oppressed subjects, who had risen in their might against her tyranny; and she sought an asylum in this obscure place, thinking that here, at least, she would be safe from discovery and harm.

Ildefonso took her by the hand, and gently led her in, among the gay assemblage, where the lovely Hilda soon charmed her sorrows away, and she was forced to exclaim

"I seem to live departed years anew,
When in these wilds."—*Leyden.*

We will now conclude our tale, since we have indicated

"Where love a crown of thornless roses wears:—
Where softened sorrow smiles within her tears."

Coleridge.

1851.

Life's Happiness.

Is this a state of gloom and wo,
For mourning only given;
Where all we learn is but to know
By fate we 're onward driven?

Where every bright and glorious thing
That charms our willing senses,
Shall only fear and sorrow bring,
From time that life commences?

Oh, no, it may not, cannot be,
That thus we 're doomed to sorrow;
That pleasures we must ever flee,
Or dread a fearful morrow.

The earth is decked in robes most gay,
The sun gleams bright and sparkling,
The zephyrs with each flowret play,
And nothing here is darkling—

Then we may surely sip the sweets
Of beauteous nature's bringing,
And take each pleasure, ere it fleets,
That Heaven is round us flinging.

1848.

Epigram.

TOBACCO-CHEWING Bill, one day,
Dropped in at Jotter's old retreat,
Where books and papers scattered lay,
Less used than trampled under feet.
Quoth Bill, "Ah, Literature, friend Jotter, still —
Its fretful bonds you yet endure."
"Quite true, while you remain, good Bill,
For here 's some LITTER — there A CHEWER!"

1845.

THE LOCO'S LAMENT.—The Locofocos were in the habit of calling the Whigs Federalists, when this piece was written. During the heated political contest of 1840, the Locos derided Harrison, and asserted that he was better fitted to remain in his log cabin, at South Bend, and drink hard cider, than to aspire to the Presidency. The Whigs adopted the intended offensive remark as a rallying cry, and erected log cabins of immense capacity, in which they held their campaign meetings; cider being frequently used therein to quench the thirst of the orators. In order to carry out the log cabin idea more fully, many of the structures had raccoon skins nailed against the doors or outer walls, (as is the custom among squatters;) and in the processions, which were quite numerous at that time, it was also very common to see live raccoons carried. This led to their designation as the 'Coon party, by the supporters of Van Buren.

The contest of 1840 may be called the beginning of the era of popular conventions, parades, banners, songs, and displays of all kinds that addressed themselves to the senses, as distinguished from the understanding. These things have had a powerful effect upon many, and have aroused multitudes to their duty as voters, who would otherwise have neglected it.

The Loco's Lament.

OFT in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Songs rise from Federal 'Coons,
  In every nook around me.
They meet in troops on every hand,
  And sing the songs of '40;
And hail each other as the band
  Of that o'erwhelming party.
Joy burdens all their songs,
  Which makes me melancholy;
Nor will they cease when told
  That all their work is folly.

When I approach, and say,
  "My friends, do, pray, be decent;"
They shake their sides, and squeak,
  "Your friendship 's very recent."
"O, do take heed; be decent, sirs,"
  I say, "and do not pain me,

When, ah! ungrateful 'Coons, they laugh,
  And thus they quick arraign me:
'Dost thou remember thee
  The times of Jackson thunder,
When hickory poles and nuts
  Made DECENCY knock under?

'When trenches round those poles
  Were brimful filled with whiskey,
That some might get dead drunk,
  While others got just frisky.
Still others, yet more fervent, far,
  Gave worship to their Captain —
They kneeled and kissed the pole they reared,
  Such blindness were they wrapped in.
Say, dost remember thee
  Of acts like these, quite recent?
If yea, then hold thy peace,
  And never more say DECENT!' "

Tom Nipper and Sukey Bliss.

TOM NIPPER was a pleasant man,
  In days now long gone by;
In stature he was always low,
  Yet sometimes got quite high.

When in his cups, he one day took
  A fancy to a maid;
The choice he made was Sukey Bliss,
  She was a very jade.

He swore to her his love was warm,
  Yea, hot as gin or rum;
She laughed — "she'd give no hand of her's
  To little Tommy Thumb"

Now handsome is that handsome does,
  But this was quite amiss;
His understanding slipped him then,
  Just when he hoped for Bliss.

For he was tender when his height
  Was made the sport of *man;*
But here, instead of Hymen's torch,
  He 's tortured by Susán.

He wedded then the bottle's Sprite,
  And sprightly he appeared;
But, lo! ere long the demons came,
  High-shouldered and long-eared.

And some with wings flew round about,
  And breaches oft essayed
Against his vest, which bound the heart
  All broken by the maid.

While others, filled with petty spite,
  With nippers nipped his hide —
Then all hied round poor Nipper's couch,
  And, couching, thus they cried :—

" We are the lovely offspring, all,
  Of Wine, begot by you,
And must forever on you wait,
  Till ruby wine you rue.

"Our duty thus we may not stint,
  Although you stinted be;
And now it rests with you to say,
  Does Satan's rest agree?"

Alas! poor Thomas thought he dreamed,
  In stillness of the night,
And tried to say his A B C's,
  To put his dreams to flight;

But then A still-house stood in view,
  "B still, my aching eyes,"
He cried, "and give respite. C! still,
  Mine orbs D-stil great lies!"

The wretch, with wine he cannot break,
  So broken is his power,
But maledicts: "May Bliss's tongue
  Be blistered from this hour.

"And ye vile demons that attend
  Me thus — a tender crew!
Your cruel arts will cut life short,
  Yes, make a short cut through."

His dye then changed, he got more blue,
  Not much unlike a dyer;
He cried for Death, with all his breath,
  And, breathless, Death came nigher,

And rushed upon the wretched man,
  (Unmannered wretch, that Death,)
He grasped his neck as though 't were glass,
  And stopped his spirit breath.

When Nipper thus by Death was choked,
  A choking shriek was heard;
The herd of demons closed him round,
  Both ugly beast and bird.

But when they found he was no more,
  No more they grieved, but took
His spirit bride, their dam, away.—
  Tom Nipper 's damned — for Suke.

When fell destruction seized on Tom,
  Compunction seized the maid;
Suke tore her braided hair, for now
  Her conscience did upbraid.

Her form grew quite attenuate;
  Her ruddy cheeks grew wan;
Her wanton airs were all blown o'er;
  Her oral sounds were gone.

She felt that she was going fast,
  When fast confined to bed;
Yet steadfast fasted — held her peace —
  And so could not be fed.

So stiff then grew her upper lip
  No gruel could go down —
And soon 't was whispered all about
  That death was in the town.

'T was true — Suke Bliss was dead at last,
  And died without a sign.
She lost her life by slighting Tom,
  When Tom was slight in wine.

A hearse then took her to the grave;
  The sexton laid her low;
The driver drove his horses home,
  And mournfully cried — "whoh!"

1847.

THE 'BUS HORN.—The Omnibus Horn is one of the things of the past, and is now utterly forgotten. The annoyance of the constantly recurring blast, as each period arrived for the vehicle to start, was almost intolerable. The happy contrivance of horse rail roads, with the tintinnabulation of the bells, banished both omnibus and horn, and gave peace to the people. I confess with shame that my poem is a parody on a beautiful one by Gen. W. O. Butler, of Ky., called "The Boat Horn."

The 'Bus Horn.

OH, BILLY! wind that horn again,
  For never did the troubled air
  Upon its fluttering pinions bear
So loud, so hoarse, so flat a strain!
What, though thy notes are rude and few,
  When every Omnibus resounds,
There 's such a clashing of your crew,
  As startles all the city's bounds.

How oft, in solemn reverie wrapt,
  With earth shut out from all of thought,
I 've had reflections overlapped
  Of what I 've done, and what I ought,
When suddenly a crash of sound,
  Of wildest dissonance made up,
That instant brought me to the ground.
  And dashed away reflection's cup!
Astonished Nature caught the sound,
And frightened Echo fled around
From plain to hill, and hill to plain,
Till down she sank with dread and pain;
And e'en the listless loafer, struck,
(His wagging jaws besmeared with muck —
His deadened senses long closed in,
With nauseous weed and fiery gin,)
Felt something shake his careless frame,
But doubting much from whence it came,
Bent o'er his side his drunken head,
And cocked his ears and eyes so red.
He listened, though, and stared in vain.
For chaos filled his muddled brain.
And can he now, when temperate grown,
Tell why those notes, so hoarsely blown,

As on his stupid ear they fell,
Found every sense a stagnant well?—
There is a want of feeling given
To all who life's fine cords have riven,
Beginning with the glass of ale,
Just oped where spirits are on sale—
Rising the liquors' orders through,
With every strength and every hue—
That want is sad! the liquor's flow
Gives them the blues and every woe.
Whiskey! infernal spirit, that can move
Its victims on, till senseless sots they prove;
Can cheer the sinking sailor 'mid the wave,
With frequent fiery draughts his throat to lave;
Inspire the fainting loafer on the street,
And hold him yet a while upon his feet.
Then, Billy! wind that horn again!
Though much of discord mark its strain,
Yet has it power o'er drunkard's ear.
What though the muse does shed a tear?
Tears are sad concord's frequent feast,
While horn is blown by such a beast!

1849.

Golden Longings.

THE Western Sea! the Western Sea!
  Oh, speed me to her shore;
My panting heart would thither flee,
  And bask on golden ore.
For every joy this side the grave,
  Which to mankind is doled,
Is ever found a willing slave
  To precious, glittering gold.

Yon mother, with her helpless brood,
  Would love them passing well,
Were not her weary days pursued
  By Famine's face, so fell.
O, transports great! O, love untold!
  And every bliss combined,
Would cluster there, were stores of gold
  To that fond heart assigned.

View yonder midnight lamp, it guides
  The studies of a man,
Whose ceaseless daily toil, besides,
  Long years ago began.
Were golden competence his meed,
  And hideous Want shut out,
How high his soaring mind might speed,
  And every error flout!

The pious man who toils for heaven,
  And lays at yonder shrine
The wealth which Providence has given,
  To aid the Cause divine,
Would clasp with tears the golden load
  That to his lot might fall:
'T would aid the gospel on its road,
  And erring men recall.

To sorrow and to joy, on earth,
  Pure gold will lend a grace;
'T will temper grief as well as mirth,
  And every good embrace.
Through life this precious golden sheen
  Is ever found of worth,
Till at the close it gilds the scene,
  And soothes "the last of earth."

To a Young Lady.

WE view with languid eye the cheerless earth,
And pass to objects gay,
That meet us day by day,
Till kindly Nature gives a bud its birth,
And plants it in our way.

The little thing we greet with tender eye;
With care our path we tread,
And tend its little bed,
(Regardful grown,) lest, drooping, it may die.
And thus our joy be fled.

The nursling thrives, its stem with vigor grows,
And little limbs throws out,
That bravely wave about,
And seem to say to every wind that blows,
Ah, ha! I 'm growing stout.

Relaxing now, we take a tender ease,
While it grows on apace,
And fills a larger space,
Till almost full-grown, like its sister trees,
Before we note its grace.

Just then, while sweet content calls us her own,
And as we careless stray
Along our beaten way,
We sudden see our bud most beauteous grown,
With grace in all its play.

Your own sweet picture, Frances, here you see —
Though 't is an outline bare,
Which colors bright and rare
Can only fill — but, ah! no skill 's in me
To paint so true and fair.

1849.

Peter Stone and Wife.

POOR Peter Stone, he once lived here,
  And Kate, his wife, beside;
She made herself a watery beer,
  And he got blue, and dyed.

Grim poverty had preyed on Pete,
  While he still prayed for bread;
But none gave any Stone to eat,
  Or they had been well fed.

Kate oped her mouth for broken food,
  Though slow to tell their fast,
Then found her eyes in melting mood —
  But founders melt to cast!

She cast her eyes then all abroad,
  Whilst sodden with a tear;
They fell upon the church-yard sod,
  Where stood a lowly bier.

She gazed awhile, and oft she sighed,
  And then seemed careless grown,
And hardened, nearly petrified,
  Into a goodly Stone.

The suicide's poor soul is sold;
  So do the preachers tell;
Poor Kate threw up the victuals, (cold,)
  And, ah, she fell — she fell —

She fell into a gulf of thought,
  But soon she speaks — give ear:
"See! on yon bier, one 's 'gone to pot,'
  Glad thought, — a pot of beer."

Now spice she 'll get and roots she 'll pull,
  And water 'm from the rill,
And travelers' thirsty throats fill full,
  And thus her work fulfill.

She 'll now an honest living earn;
  (No grave-yard urn for Kate,)
Though beer to her 's a grave concern,
  'T is pleasant to relate. —

Much praying failed to fill poor Pete,
  And sick, in bed, he 's laid;
His dreams are colored bright with meat,
  Yet "all that 's bright must fade."

"But," reasoned Pete, when wakened up,
  "If these now fade away,
Some dyes will hold; I 'll work and sup,
  And no more fast and pray."

Pete spoke just like an honest man,
  Who 'd labor for his bread —
The willing worker ever can
  From Fortune's foot make head.

Then thoughts came crowding, by and by,
  And thus poor Pete broke out:
"Ah, yes! I see, I 'll surely dye —
  When once I get about."

And so he did, he dyed next day.
  A profit here in view!
And, strange though it may be to say,
  He daily dyes —— in blue.

1852.

A Riddle.

SEE yonder cloud, its edge displays
  A secret sign, of wondrous force,
Which ever since creation's days
  Has led it in its devious course.

When pitchy darkness veils the world
  This thing in watch-fires brightly glows,
And in convolving arcs is curled
  Where chronic sickness breathes its woes.

'T is never found in balmy airs,
  Nor seeks the laughing glade nor stream,
But shows itself in human cares,
  And reigns in chilly climes supreme.

In cruel war 't is in the van,
  And last to quit mad havoc's train,
Relentless urging on its clan
  By loudest note of clarion strain.

When cheats in secret council meet,
  Their schemes would never see success,
Were it not with them in deceit,
  And always foremost to caress.

Yet, strange, where'er a church is reared
  This thing is always seen therein;
But none have yet its presence feared,
  Or thought it could be found in sin.

And though the heavens debar its face
  The Christian's crown it still appears;
Without it none would e'er find grace,
  Nay, though he 'd live a thousand years!

1850.

The Loafer.

As, musing, 't other day, I stood
  On Mon'gahela's bank,
I saw a loafer lounging there,
  Quite lazy, lean, and lank.

He sat against a cotton bale,
  And made the spittle flow
From massive quid, but would not work,
  And earn a quid pro quo.

This loafer thus soliloquized :—
  "I 'm cussed dry, I swown ;
Without a drop to keep me up
  I 'll sartinly drop down.

"Why is it now that in the shade
  I sittin', git so dry,
While fellers, workin' in the sun,
  Are soakin' wet,—now why ?

"But what 's the use of talkin' so,
  There 's nothin' here to drink ;
Good spirits always makes us high,
  But water lets us sink.

"'Call spirits from the vasty deep,'
  They say, 'but will they come ?'—
Well, s'pose we call for sumthin' else ?
  "Now s'pose we call for rum ?"

"Good friend," said I, "don't stop to call,
Jump in and get some." "Raally,"
Quoth he, "I'd soak in rum or whiskey, *some;*
But not OLD MONGAHALY!"

1848.

Sonnet. To Truth.

O, TRUTH! fair Truth! of heavenly birth, divine,
Earth's mighty cannot emulate thy line.
Their parentage in doubt obscurely lies;
Thine brightly shines amid the circling skies.
They, though with power enrobed to kill or save,
Are unsubstantial as the ocean wave;
Thou, humble as the man of care and grief,
Art blessed by happy millions as their chief.
Thy form, though oft enveiled, or dimly seen,
When found is worshiped—glorious, heavenly sheen!
Make me thy confidant, fair Virgin! say,
Dost bide in city? or in wood dost stray?
O! tell: on mossy bank? in shady dell?
There will I meet thee—there forever dwell.

1840.

POLITICAL ACROSTIC.—So far as I know, this is an unprecedented achievement. Here are the four candidates for the Presidency bound up in one acrostic. First, the exordium, in two lines; then the character of each aspirant, drawn in a single line, and then the conclusion, cautioning the people against over-confidence in either of them.

Of course I had my choice among the number, and voted accordingly, notwithstanding the warning in the acrostic—for I hold that it is the duty of every one to do the best he can, and that can only be accomplished by action. A refusal to vote always adds to the apparent strength of the adverse party.

Political Acrostic.

ZOUNDS! now, Let all your Men be Justly weighed,
And see Each over- Valued, Over-paid:
Cass cries for War, but At his Home he stays,
Taylor's cry Is "peace," yet Nimbly Numbers slays;
Aye slavery's Slave, Van Buren Plays now false;
Your precious Charter Ultra Hale assaults.
Learn then that All are Reckless, All untrue—
One ever- Scheming, Ever- Lucky crew.
Renounce Such men; Neglect not, Ere you rue.

1848.

Lines to Fannie;

ON THE VIOLENT DEATH OF HER LITTLE DOG, BIJOU.

O, MAIDEN, why such sad and anxious air?
Why from that bosom burst such mournful sighs?
What dire distress has traced those marks of care
On loveliest face, and filled thy lustrous eyes
With scalding tear-drops, from the sacred spring
Where Sorrow sits in silent loneliness,
Beneath dull Melancholy's sable wing —
And Pity frequent strays, with flowing tress,
To bend o'er deep affliction's woe; to bathe and bless?

Has some sweet friend, whose mind of kindred mould
Reflected back each thought or fancy pure,
Been stricken down, and with the dead enrolled,
That thus thy soul must poignant grief endure?
Oh, has a brother's voice been hushed in death,
Whose manly tones were wont to cheer thy heart?
Or sister's honor felt the slanderer's breath,
More pitiless and keen than death's fell dart?
Confide thy griefs to me, and let me bear a part.

Speak, lady, else thy swelling heart may break,
With over-much of sorrow kept confined,
Like as some deep and heavy-rolling lake
Rends suddenly the banks which it entwined.
"Ah, kind and pitying friend, thy words are vain,
My soul is sunk upon a deathly bed;
All other griefs to joy might yield again,
But grief and I are now forever wed,
For, oh—ah, horror!—see, my dog—*the dog is dead!*"

1850.

Sonnet. To the Nightingale.

BIRD of the silent eve, lone Philomel!
Oft had I read of thy enchanting strains,
Yet mocked at poets' sore distempered brains,
Whose frenzy could of thee such music tell—
They sing that thou, divine, canst passion quell
With notes that draw the listening spirit trains
Down from the azure vault towards earthly plains,
Where, hovering, they thy raptured audience swell.—

I mocked, but JENNY LIND belongs to thee,
And thou wert greatly wronged. When mortals hear
Her notes — her soul-entrancing melody,
Their hearts ecstatic heave, and heaven seems near:
Instinctively they bow — they bend the knee,
And in her song the Heavenly power revere.

1851.

A Winter Serenade.

ARISE! my dearest lady;
Let Boreas waft my sighs to thee,
From underneath this leafless tree,
Where, though 't is somewhat shady,
Thou canst thy trembling lover see.

The moon looks out right clearly,
And myriad stars are shining bright:
Oh, 't is a bitter, icy night,
And I am frozen, nearly,
With love, and cold, and — and delight.

Thy chamber 's snug and cosy,
And downy pillows 'neath thy head
May make thee loth to quit thy bed;
Yet, rise, from slumbers rosy,
And greet me here, where love has led.

My song might be more sprightly,
Were summer's warmth now on the ground,
And breezes fanning odors round;
When slumbers press more lightly,
And flee at music's faintest sound.

But here, while almost freezing,
I sing to thee my lovelorn lay,
And do in trembling accents pray
That thou, this moment seizing,
Wilt something tender to me say.

She hears! and now she rises!
(Cheer up, my heart, be not so cold;
A cloak should be about me rolled,)
And now a quilt disguises
Her lovely form, with many a fold.

Ah! now she's at the casement;
Dear love, thy Arthur sings to thee,
And would to thy loved presence flee,
"Young man, walk in the basement,
If you have come a wooing me."

Confusion take — oh, stupid!
I've missed the house; a dire mishap;
And this old hag has lost her nap,
And on the wings of Cupid
She's sailing down in quilt and cap.

Adieu! I cannot tarry;
I'm ever an unlucky wight!
The night's quite hot—I'm in a fright.
Indeed I cannot marry,
Dear Ancient Miss. Good night! good night!

1852.

THE REJECTED ACROSTICS.—A popular concert troupe, including Miss Clara Bruce, entertained the people of Pittsburgh, during the winter of 1847, and on one occasion announced a prize for the best acrostic on Miss Bruce's name. A large number of competitors appeared, and their effusions were submitted to a committee, whose award was not supposed to be entirely just.

I wrote for a newspaper a whole column of acrostics, and gave a pretended account of the committee's doings while sitting in judgment over the papers. My article was entitled "The Rejected Acrostics," and was intended to be a burlesque upon the whole affair. Different styles, ranging through the grand, the common, and the preposterous, were introduced. I here give some samples. With regard to Number Three, I may remark that I have seen no other production where the rhyme is secured by dividing the word at the end of *every* line. It makes a very ridiculous acrostic, and was so intended.

The Rejected Acrostics.

NUMBER ONE.

MARS, hail! thou God of War, appear;
In blood hold up thy clotted spear.
Sweep o'er the fair and placid earth;
Strike dumb the sounds of joy and mirth;

Call up the warriors from repose;
Lift high the torch that flames and glows;
Array the steeds in dreadful might;
Resound the bugles for the fight.—
A flourish rings now o'er the plain;
Bright swords flash quick, and hosts are slain.
Relentless stabs and plunges show
Undying hate in every blow.
Creation groans, and rolling clouds
Engulf the slain in bleeding crowds.

NUMBER TWO.

MOON, roll thy glorious car through realms on high;
In silent splendor, bid thy coursers fly.
Serenely glide, and shed on me thy light;
Shine, and inspire the lines I now indite.—
Cloudless and ever joyous is thy lot,
Loveliest daughter e'er on earth begot.
Around thy path are ever hovering near
Refulgent wingéd guards, that banish fear.
Attune thy witching powers, and fill the air.

Bright goddess of my song — O! bright and fair!
Revive the panting earth with liquid note;
Unbind thy lips, and ease thy warbling throat:
Celestial sounds gush forth when they are loose;
Earth drinks, and fondly whispers — Clara Bruce.

NUMBER THREE.

My lovely lassie, I 'm a glory-
Ing in thoughts of you. My ori-
Sons I hope prevailed, and got remis-
Sion of your heart. O, do now dis-
Count to my thirsty soul a sweet-
Ly scented answer. Be no meat-
Axe, ever savage; but to mar-
Ry call me to your arms, my Clar-
A. Our joy 's then endless — only har-
Boring our own sweet selves when mar-
Ried. A cot we 'll have, but want no col-
Umns to its front — and then your all-
Compelling voice shall sing of lib-
Erty and union; oh, how glib!

1847.

MY EARLY HOME.—This song I set to music, and Firth, Pond & Co., of New York, purchased the copy-right, and published it, in 1855, arranged for the piano. Seven other songs, namely—O, World of Smiles, The Beggar's Song, Love and Music, The Bowl of Death, The Vale of Three Rivers, The Soldier Boy, and Yearnings for Home, I also set to music; none of them have, however, been published, but two of the songs without the music have appeared. I have also set several to music that were written in whole or part by others; they therefore are not included in this collection.

My Early Home.

IN the old house by the hill-side,
Where the stream flows gently by,
Is the fond home of my childhood,
Where I'll lay me down and die.

CHORUS.

O, ever dear cottage; all, all I crave,
I have roamed the wide earth,
But the place of my birth
Shall yet be the place of my grave.

When the rose tint of the morning
  Filled my young heart with deligh
Blithe and gaily I departed,
  And my home was lost to sight.
    O, ever dear, &c.

O'er the billows I was wafted,
  To the green isles far away,
And in proud halls though I slumbered
  Still my dreams would homeward stray
    O, ever dear, &c.

All the treasures and allurements
  Of the bright climes were in vain
For the cottage in the valley
  Bound me with its golden chain.
    O, ever dear, &c.

Now, though silvered be my temples,
  Youth is fluttering at my heart;
For I hasten to the old house,
  Never more again to part.
    O, ever dear, &c.

1845

The Beggar's Song.

O, THE life of a Beggar for me!
With its absence of work and of care;
T is a life that is jolly and free,
None other can with it compare.

The Beggar alone is at ease,
Unlike both the poor and the rich;
He carries no money nor keys,
Nor yet digs for his bread in a ditch.

When the Summer's mild airs are afloat
Then the zephyrs he carelessly woos;
But he scorns to be found in a coat,
Or daintily hobbling in shoes.

Let hoary old Winter draw near,
How quick his cold grip he denies!
For the Beggar gets plenty to wear,
And is wrapped in old clothes to the eyes!

O, he laughs at the rich and the poor,
  For *they* cannot from destiny fly —
While proud Riches can life scarce endure,
  'T is Poverty's horror to die.

Then, ho! sing aloud, pass it round,
  The life of a Beggar for me;
The king is with misery crowned,
  But the Beggar is jolly and free.

1850.

O, World of Smiles.

O, WORLD of Smiles, I love thee well,
  Thou 'rt ever bright and fair;
Thy beauteous face of hill and dell
  Shall banish every care.

Thy laughing streams, with rippling sound,
  Full joyous bound along,
And lively echoes all around
  Renew the merry song.

Thy mountains rear their giant forms
  To bathe in golden light,
And calmly smile on clouds and storms
  That drape their feet in night.

Thy airy songsters fill each grove,
  And glide on tireless wing;
Dispensing pleasure when they rove,
  Or when they sit and sing.

Thy flowery plains, of wide expanse,
  Are wild with notes of glee;
A constant flutter, race, and dance —
  An endless ecstasy!

O, may I ever thankful be
  For such a World as this;
Where beauty, love, and harmony,
  Foreshow a heaven of bliss.

Farewell to the Sea.

TO-DAY! to-day! clew up the sail,
  And safe on shore we'll bide;
Nor tempt Old Ocean's angry gale,
  Nor in his peace confide:
For fierce and quick his foam will rise
  Where now he's calm and gay—
Though calm he be, sing, "ha! we're wise
  Farewell to the Sea to-day!"

The time is lost that's spent at Sea,
  And life is cast away
While youth, and health, and energy,
  Should find their fullest play.
We hate the sloth of stormless skies;
  We fear the billows' sway;
Then ever thus, sing, "ha! we're wise;
  Farewell to the Sea to-day!"

Though roving Nature beckons on,
  To fly from land and home,
We bid the hateful thing begone;
  We'll never, never roam:

No, though the waves pure gold should rise,
  And pearls compose their spray,
Our song shall still be, "ha! we're wise;
  Farewell to the Sea to-day!"

1850.

The Bowl of Death.

O, GLOOMY was the night,
  When Joe was carried home,
A ghastly, sickening sight
  Of mingled blood and foam.

    Fear, fear the tempting bowl;
      All horrors lurk therein.
    Joe lost his life and soul
      Through curséd fiery Gin.

In manhood's early years
  Joe married charming Nell,
Who found a home of tears
  Where all began so well.
    Fear, fear, &c.

Dread Gin, with blasting power,
  Struck down Joe's manly heart,
And Nell could only cower
  Beneath the cruel dart.
    Fear, fear, &c.

Pale fear then took the place
  Where love at first held sway,
And terror stamped her face,
  And turned her ringlets gray.
    Fear, fear, &c.

Death came at last, to win
  The wretched husband's life:
His comrade, mad with Gin,
  Plunged deep the murderous knife.
    Fear, fear, &c.

Small comfort 't is to Nell,
  That he who killed her Joe,
On righteous gallows fell,
  And sunk to hidden woe.
    Fear, fear, &c. 1854

Yearnings for Home.

WAFT me, winds, to yon bleak strand,
  Where my youthful years were passed,
There 's my own, my native land,
  There shall be my home at last.

O, the friends of other years
  Cluster round my memory's core,
Keeping, with unbidden tears,
  Ever green the joys of yore.

Suns glow here more golden bright;
  Earth is robed in richer green;
Stars, that gem the brow of night,
  Shed more lustre o'er the scene;—

Every joy is here, of earth,
  Save that *one* endearing tie:
Sacred spot that gave me birth!
  'T is for it I yearn and sigh.

Now I fly to that dear home
  Where affection twines its wreath,
Never more again to roam
  While upon this orb beneath.

There to ease the cares of age
  Be my filial efforts given,
Joined to musings o'er the page
  Made to train the soul for heaven.

The Soldier Boy.

SOLDIER Boy, march, to meet the foe,
  And leave thy Love behind thee;
Hosts of the brave to battle go,
  And in the van we find thee.

Country and honor call thee on
  To deeds of noble daring;
All that our sires in battle won
  The foe is from us tearing.

Now see our glittering steel lay low
  The traitor host around us;
Backward they surge with every blow,
  Till victory's wreath has crowned us.

Green be the graves of those that fell
  Beneath our starry token.
Traitors, for you it had been well
  Had ye your oaths not broken.

Anthems arise from joyous crowds,
  In streets and wayside places;
Union, again, where all was clouds,
  Our country interlaces.

Soldier Boy, march, to meet thy Love;
  No more shall war ye sever;
Blest in your choice, by Heaven above,
  She 's thine, she 's thine forever.

Love and Music.

SPEAK to me only in a song,
  And so will I to thee;
When Memory's shadows o'er thee throng,
  O, sing of love and me.
Each wide-spread mead and winding lane,
  That felt our lightsome tread,
Made echo warble back again
  Our music, as it sped.

Speak to me now as then you spoke,
  In music's softest tone—
That voice by which I first awoke
  To love and thee alone.
Our years were few, and all was gay
  As summer's sparkling stream,
And thou hadst ever some sweet lay
  To pillow each fond dream.

Dull years have come and gone since then,
  For thou hast been away,
And music's voice from other men
  But bade my thoughts to stray:
Thyself and other days were twined
  In every thrilling tone,
And each glad song yet served to bind
  My heart to thee alone.

Ocean has brought thee from afar,
  Where nature ever glows;
Where incense rolls towards every star,
  From every leaf that grows —
But thy return shall incense fling
  More grateful, far, to me;
For thou shalt love again, and sing,
  And I will sing to thee.

1852.

The Vale of Three Rivers.

THERE 'S a valley of gladness, where all is most sweet,
'T is the vale where the north and the south rivers meet;
The green hills wind around it, with grace in each line,
Where the echoes skip lightly, and sunbeams recline.

The home of the cottager nestles below,
In the bowers of plenty, where rude winds ne'er blow;
And the waters flow gently, then fondly unite,
As they flow to the west in their glory and might.

The twin cities that stretch by the bright rivers' side
Teem daily with labor, their boast and their pride;
Then the bells of the Sabbath peel solemn and slow,
And the temples are thronged in this heaven below.

O, Vale of delight! wherein peace calmly dwells;
Whose fair bosom of beauty with happiness swells!
Here the north and the south in fond union recline,
And the spot that is loveliest in nature is mine.

1854.

The End.